

How can he be dumb? He graduated from Yale.

Manifold Yales. In one,
I converse with a phantom
in the Sterling stacks. A-

branding his soul with Catholicisms of
Chesterton for a meticulous dissertation,

he frets as to the English
Department's required fucking
on their ancient Latin test.

Another, at the Country Club
Tavern next to the Whitney Theater

in Hamden, as a graduate
celebrates. How was Yale?

I ask. "A four-year drunk!"
Young purists! (Now back off
a bit anyway)--but there

exists at these places fewer
Swarthmores, Alfreds,
Wheatons. Whatever.